VOL. I.—No. 7. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 5, 1868. Price One Penny.

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CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
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How soft it feels! how well it fits!
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CONTENTS OF No. 6.—August 29th.

1.—On the Rialto: III.
2.—Children and Sermons.
3.—Ben Lange.
4.—London Papers: 3. The Standard.
5.—The Grand Duchess at the Royal.
6.—The Schiller-Anstalt.
7.—A Bit of Local Natural History.
8.—Gee's Puffer Out-Puffed.

The Manchester Shoddy Exchange—Pastures from the Earthly Paradise—Where are the Police?—Trees in Large Towns—An American in Scotland.

CONTENTS OF No. 5.—August 22nd.

1.—Mr. Sothern in Zero of Romance.
2.—Rossendale: by Edwin Waugh.
3.—The General Election Races: Doings of the Cracks.
4.—A Revivalist Camp Meeting: Hollingworth Lake.
5.—Peter Skelton's Political Creed.
6.—At the Moorfield Gardens.
7.—To the Windsor Chapel Brawlers.
8.—The Independents' Court of Appeal.

Tennyson and the Queen—The late Editor of the Saturday Review—Pensarn from another Point of View—Use and Misuse of Words.

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THE FREE CHURCH OF ENGLAND:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROSPECTS.

THREE weeks ago, in the *Sphinx* of August the 15th, we published a description of the Free Church of England in Manchester. We have since been favoured with the following communication from the Rev. B. Price, of Christ Church, Ilfracombe, the President-Bishop of the Free Church of England. It is, we believe, the first authoritative exposition of this new and interesting religious movement that has appeared in a popular journal. The writer, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to observe, is alone responsible for the opinions expressed.

THE Free Church of England Movement historically dates back a quarter of a century. The idea of a Free Church originated in a combination of circumstances which occurred about that time. Tractarianism had become so bold and open in its objects and aims by the publication of the notorious tract 90, that men perceived with astonishment the motion of the movement and took the alarm. The Surplice question also broke out about the same time, creating no small stir, especially in the west. The case of the Rev. James Shore, and likewise that of Mr. Gorham, largely occupied public attention. All these various elements occurring almost simultaneously produced a deep impression on the public mind and contributed largely to the establishment of Free Churches in divers localities. Although nothing more prominent than the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was insisted on then and enforced, still so clearly did many even then perceive the Romish tendency of the system, and failing to bring the offenders to reason, withdrew quietly and formed themselves into Free Church of England congregations.

The movement was thus not an "experiment," but a necessity, a necessity forced on a people driven in self-defence, and in defence of Protestant truth, to take a step which they believed, and still believe, essential to the maintenance of the Protestantism of the country, with which both the civil and religious liberties of this great nation are bound up. Attached as they were to the Church of England, their attachment to truth was stronger. "We love the Church of England," said one of these worthies one day, "but we love the truth better," and backed his avowal by a subscription of £600 towards the purchase of a Free Church. God grant that such men may never perish out of the land—men who love the gospel above all churches and sects and parties, and would not hesitate to follow truth into the streets even, if need be.

The subsequent history and later development of tractarianism into full blown ritualism fully justified the course they then took. The ritualists now make no secret of their avowal to unprotestantize the Church of England and uproot the Reformation. That movement was cradled in Rome, and is still worked by the Jesuits, many of whom, as Dr. De Sanctis told us a few years ago, had taken orders in the Church of England, the more effectually to carry out their object. As a matter of fact, therefore, the Free Church of England sprang out of the circumstances of the times, as most great and useful movements have done; and now the cry for Free Churches is coming up from all parts of the country.

These early churches have done a good work—they made a bold stand for truth—they did battle with error single-handed and alone, and despite all opposition did assist very materially in holding in check the encroachments of Rome in their several localities, but amid a very storm of persecution which they calmly met and patiently endured. The story of some of these churches, if told, would astonish the world. They had an early taste of what Rome is capable even in the nineteenth century, if you give her the power. For twenty years these churches stood isolated and unrecognized, but in the year 1863 a meeting of ministers and laymen of most of the then liturgical Free Churches was held in London, when it was resolved to unite in their opposition to the ever-widening and encroaching influence of Romanism in the Church of England; and in order the more effectually to carry out their object, as well as to form a bond of union between themselves, resolved to embody their principles and faith and church government in a Deed Poll, which was subsequently executed and duly enrolled in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, embodying indeed nothing new or novel either in their faith or their principles, but simply giving to the body a legal basis, a legal status, and a legal security to all vested properties and trusts, and securing a recognized stand, and around which its scattered faces might be gathered.

Such is the simple history of the Free Church of England. Like all most noble movements it owes its origin to unforeseen circumstances rather than to any preconceived or preconcerted plan or purpose. It is "a growth," as you justly observe, small in its beginnings, yet who knoweth to what it may grow? Those who laid its foundations were most desirous to give it as broad a basis as the Bible, avoiding on the one hand the intolerance and exclusiveness of Rome; and on the other the broad, undefined liberalism of mere personal sincerity; at the same time Divine revelation being the rule of its faith and the limit of its belief. Its object being to counteract the influence of Romanism and Ritualism everywhere, it seeks to give to the people the simple gospel of Christ in connection with a ritual and service to which, on the whole, they are ardently attached.

Its TITLE is somewhat startling and high-sounding, no doubt, but no other would so exactly express the thing. It was originally given to the movement in the most natural way possible. The nature of the movement suggested the title—one springing out of the other. Is not this the history of all titles? Did not the "Tracts for the Times" suggest the name Tractarian, and Puseyism from Dr. Pusey, and Nonconformists from the act of not conforming to the "Act of Uniformity," and Free-traders to those who espoused the doctrines of free trade? and so on. Nothing was more natural. Still, it was felt to be a great and imposing title; and now that some kind of designation must be given and incorporated formally in the Deed, it became a question of some moment, and some objections were made; but, after much deliberation, it was unanimously adopted as the only term which fully and distinctly expressed the nature and principles of the movement. Thus it is generally found that the character of a movement usually suggests the best title.

In point of PRINCIPLE, however, the Free Church of England has no claim to the term "novelty." Many eminent clergymen and noblemen certainly acted on the principle of a Free Church of England in the last century, though they did not adopt the title, which was not only an oversight, but a mistake. But the principle was, undoubtedly, recognised. Dr. Haweis, for example, Rector of Aldwinkle, and devisee of the late Countess of Huntingdon, in replying to an inquiry as to what Church they belonged, said, "essentially one with the Church of England." Had the Calvinistic party been as wise as John Wesley, and embodied their faith and principles in a Poll Deed, and adopted the title of Free Church of England, that community would, probably, have been at this day one of the most numerous and influential in this country. Be that as it may, the Free Church of England can lay no claim to novelty, nor does it covet the distinction. Why should it? The old is better. Its object is not to introduce novelties, either in doctrine or ritual, but to restore the old paths to walk in. The old Prayer-book—what can beat it! We have seen many attempts, but all miserable failures. Nothing that we have ever seen can compare with the grand, old liturgy. Expunge a few expressions out of it—innovations which Laud and his compeers contrived to restore to it—expunge these, and you have one of the grandest services in which any people can engage. Bracket those passages on which there may be a difference of opinion, but root out every vestige of the Popish element, and then you present to the people not only a pure form, but the sublimest and the richest, both in expression and sentiment. Of course, there is nothing wrong in a choral service; and you Lancashire people are so thoroughly musical, that I am not surprised at your preferring it; and where congregations express the preference, by all means let them have it. The Psalms were never intended to be read any more than our Hymns were; but it is not every congregation that possesses the musical power. When they can be sung, so much the better; but where it is impracticable, they must be read. But the Venite, Te Deum and Jubilate, Cantate Domine and Deus Miseratus, should always be sung, not only that it is proper to do so, but that they give life to the worship, and impart interest to the services; and if, in addition to this, the people freely join in the responses, no earthly worship can be more impressive, or beautiful, or grand!

In its Church government, an attempt has been made to combine what is excellent in the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and Congregational

Churches. It maintains a moderate Episcopacy, but an Episcopacy in which Presbyterianism has its place, and Congregationalism its niche. The aim has been to combine liberty with authority, and freedom with law. The lay element is not only recognized, but essential to the system. Their presence in all the deliberations of the Church is necessary to give validity to its acts, laymen forming part of every assembly.

I need not observe, in conclusion, therefore, that the Free Church of England is as simple as it is dignified; as authoritative as it is free; as popular as it is conservative; avoiding democracy on the one hand, and an oligarchy on the other; securing to the people the fullest liberty, and to the Church the fullest power.

SWIMMING AND THE RACES AT BELLE VUE.

SWIMMING appears to be in rather low water in Manchester just now. We are sorry for this, because here the impetus was first given to it some few years ago, to which it owes its present popularity in London, Liverpool, and other towns. The first champion, Mather, was a Manchester man, and unrivalled in his day. And yet it is hardly to be wondered at, that it should not be on the same footing with other athletic accomplishments, when it is remembered that there is really no place, besides the baths, in which to practise it satisfactorily. Our river, however useful for sanitary or navigating purposes, is unavailable for swimming. By the aid of much Eau de Cologne and a brave heart, ladies, young and old, who grow enthusiastic over the recreative exercises of sons, brothers, lovers, or husbands, may manage to exist an afternoon, while admiring the performances of these said husbands, lovers, brothers, or sons, in four-oars, punts or canoes, at Agecroft on the regatta day. Eager oarsmen may, without fainting or suffocation, accomplish a race over the Pomona course. But that is the utmost they can do. The force of endurance can no further go. A swimming match in the Irwell is beyond the wildest dreams of the most ardent votaries of natation. London has its Serpentine, but our citizens and their sons have absolutely nowhither to betake themselves for a morning plunge or swimming match. They cannot step out of bed into Hollingworth Lake, and the baths are not the most inviting in themselves, to say nothing of the sixpence, or rather shilling, you must pay for your dip—a thing that we, who have been used to the FREE flowing river, the lake, or the firth, do not always find it consistent with inclination or conscientiousness to do. What is more, swimming has never been taken up by those who have elevated running, gymnastics, fencing, and boxing to their places as gentlemanly and athletic recreations.

Seeing an announcement that the annual swimming races were to come off at Belle Vue last week, we resolved—not without much misgiving—to go and see what they were like. We know what anything of the kind there implies: trips from the country and its towns far and near, with a crowd and a crush of that kind peculiar to Belle Vue. Arrived at the great mob's paradise, we found that our surmises were only too correct. Cloth caps, shawls, and trowsers turned up a foot above their boots, everywhere characterized the men, while the women had not yet reached that stage of social knowledge which teaches, in the words of the poet, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a—crinoline. From a card of the races we learnt that the grand "gala," so pompously advertised, consisted of two handicaps for prizes of £5 and downwards respectively. A payment of threepence—Belle Vue delights in threepences!—gained us admission to the reserved "seats," a place where you might stand within some railings. Permission, however, was graciously accorded to sit in the boats, and be rocked in the cradle of the deep, at the risk of wet feet, an upset or squeamish feelings. The crowd round the lake was immense, especially near the starting place, at a point nearest to the refreshment saloon and dancing floor, the line being thinnest on the opposite banks. The interest and expectancy were of the keenest, particularly among the women. We suppose they wanted the affair over, that they might get back to their dancing and games. At last, three quarters of an hour after the announced time, the competitors arrived, enveloped, some in rugs and others in topcoats, the legs of the latter looking rather cold. The commodore moored his steamer off the swannery; the judges got into their barge, ready to accompany the race, and the swimmers throwing off rugs and coats displayed their stalwart and muscular forms, not unlike the athletes of old, to the criticizing eyes of the vast assemblage. The readers of the *Sphinx* will remember a description of the pedestrian costume at Newton Heath, from the facile and delicate pen of one of "the staff," which costume consisted of a silk pocket handkerchief. It was the same on Monday at Belle Vue among the swimmers, except that these wore a sort of cap on their heads in addition. The Athletic Festival law—"complete clothing from head to foot"—seemed exactly reversed. After a double shuffle fandango or two, by way of *pas seul*, from one of them, they dived into the not quite limpid element, and swam to the various posts from which they were to start. We sincerely hope the water did not dirty them much, or stain any of their skins of its greenish yellowish hue. No time was lost, and they at once dashed off to the firing of a pistol. The pace and mode of progression differed as much from ordinary swimming as running from walking. The swimmer shoots along on his side and raises one hand high out of the water, and flinging his body forward brings the uplifted hand sharply down through the water—the result of this being greater speed and immersion of the head at each stroke. At intervals, to rest and look about them, they would swim in the ordinary manner. The race was won by two yards or so after a most exciting struggle; the man who had been on the scratch, *i.e.*, he who gave all the others a start, in spite of a jocular remark made by an admirer that though last he had plenty of last in him, being rather a bad third at the finish. As soon as the swimmers had come out, and wrapped themselves in their rugs, the country thousands left the lake almost deserted, and betook themselves to the monstre platform and equally monstre saloon, where they gave an exhibition of Terpsichorean art more enjoyed by themselves than the onlookers. But they did not miss the second handicap—a steeplechase over and under poles, which was won by a remarkably neat swimmer with great ease, the winner of the former race coming in second in this.

Our opinion of the whole affair was very soon formed, and may as well be expressed here. It is simply one of the many ruses adopted by the proprietors of Belle Vue for the getting up of cheap trips, and giving town and country folks, especially the latter, an excuse for making a day of it. It was about equivalent to a third-rate pedestrian race at Newton Heath. None of that gentlemanly element which is to be seen at the amateur athletic gatherings here and in the towns about was to be seen any more than at the Royal Oak or Copenhagen grounds. It had much better, for the sake of the reputation of the place, be stopped or differently conducted, for this reputation has need of all the care, watchfulness, and bolstering that it can get.

Swimming is one of the circle of the athletic sciences which demands, beyond most others, strength, wind, endurance, and knack; and practice tends to produce or improve these. It needs popularising in Manchester, and the only means we can see of bringing about this is, for one of the clubs—the Athletic is the most likely—to take it up, "float" it, and give it the same standing and estimation which running, rowing, fencing, and boxing have. They would need to institute competitions for medals and other prizes, such as would make the public desirous to go and see them, and incite the young to emulation and more universal practice. For this is the one great advantage of "festivals." And, by all means, let the spirit in which they are conducted be transferred to swimming races. Such displays as are seen at Hollingworth Lake and Belle Vue Gardens do not tend to make swimming a gentlemanly sport or recreation.

So we mused, as we gravely took ourselves past the monstre platform and the gilded saloon—how exactly the word "saloon" expresses those huge shaky erections of wood, quickly run up, and much painted and mirror'd—to the entrance gate. The monkey-house was full of country fellows, delightedly and loudly laughing at the gambols and amusements of these caricatures of mankind. The laughter of the country women rose as shrill as the voices and noises that proceeded from the house of cockatoos and parrots, as they were examining and admiring these intelligent, articulately-speaking bipeds. A cynic would here have sneeringly remarked "like draws to like;" but we proceeded on, thinking of the miserable little it takes to delight humanity, and wondering when that greatest social question of the age would at last catch the attention of some political philosopher, we mean popular amusement, or how long it is to be left to chance, or the catering of irresponsible speculators.

THE ST. LEGER.

A FOOLISH and impoverished young nobleman, a money lending and usurious attorney, and a "downy" layer against horses, make up rather a curious and formidable combination. If any of our readers wish to pit their skill against this association, and think that they can make a few sovereigns by backing the Earl for the Leger, or laying against him, let them do so, and we shall think them very clever fellows if they win.

What the Derby is to the Cockney, the St. Leger is to the Yorkshireman, with this difference, that whereas the Londoner cares very little for horseracing, and scarcely knows the animal's head from his tail. With the Tyke, on the contrary, racing is a passion; and just as the sweet Yorkshire pastures contribute to the early growth and development of the two-year old, so do the surrounding associations tend to make a love of horse flesh natural to the biped. Unfortunately, this year, the usual interest attached to this race, is much diminished. The disgraceful proceedings connected with the Marquis of Hastings, and his horses for the Derby, have very naturally and properly disgusted the public, and shaken all confidence. It is now known that Lady Elizabeth, so long kept first favourite for the Derby, was never half trained for that race, and was not intended to win at all, even if she could, which is very doubtful. Fordham, the jockey, who rode her, knew perfectly well that she had not the slightest chance, and wished to ride Paul Jones. Fordham is an upright young man, and is not to blame at all; but, of course, it was not his place to discuss the state of affairs. Lord Hastings' other horse—the Earl, now first favourite for the St. Leger, had a very great chance to win the Derby, and was actually sent to Epsom, to hoodwink the public. On the eve of the race, he was scratched, and sent home again. If the triumvirate above alluded to choose, the Earl can win the Leger, and that easily. The stakes are worth, at least, £5,000, so that they may think it worth while to try.

Blue Gown, who won the Derby, is unfortunately not in the St. Leger, and Sir Joseph Hawley's proverbial luck seems to have deserted him since his May victory, as Rosicrucian, on whom his hopes were centered, has been found impossible to train, and is scratched, and Green Sleeve has gone all to pieces, and very probably will not start either. Lord Glasgow's horse, the Tom Bowline colt, is a "sheer hulk" like his namesake, and has paid forfeit, and Paul Jones, the Chester Cup winner, turns out to be a mere plater. Formosa, the beautiful and appropriately named filly that won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, is the steadiest animal in the betting, and with the Earl out of the way would have a tremendous chance. There are some doubts about her staying powers, but at present she is in excellent condition, and September is always favourable to her sex. The veteran John Scott considers that he has a good chance with the Viscount. This horse has improved immensely since the Derby, in which race he was nowhere. He is by the Marquis, who won the St. Leger in 1862, after running second to Caractacus for the Derby. People say that John Scott is too old to win any more Legers. We don't think so, if he has got the proper stuff to work with. If Lord Palmerston could govern this country when he was eighty, John Scott, who in his own sphere is a man of a very similar stamp, can train a horse to win a Leger; and when we remember what surprises he effected with Gamester, Imperieuse, Warlock and others, it need occasion no astonishment should the Viscount cut a very prominent figure in the race next Wednesday. Baron Rothschild was considered until a few days since to have a great chance of at last winning a St. Leger, but his horse, King Alfred, appeared to have met with an accident,—hurt his foot, it is said. This is a great misfortune, as King Alfred is a first-rate animal and might possibly have beaten both the Earl and Formosa, and a truer sportsman does not exist than the Mentmore Baron. Hounsditch must have lost very largely, as "the chosen race" stick to the Baron with the customary fidelity, and his second horse, Restitution, has no chance. Besides the Viscount, John Scott has a second string in the Spy, which belongs to Mr. Bowes. This gentleman must be as old as his trainer and is always dangerous. He has won three Derbys, and when he came over from Paris, where he resides, in 1852, old John told him that he should win the Derby for him with Daniel O'Rourke, whereupon Mr. Bowes said he was very glad to hear it, and recrossed the channel before the race was run. In our opinion the Spy has but a poor chance. He is half brother to Formosa and Paul Jones, all three being by Buccaneer. There are some good rough outsiders in the race, the best of them being Mercury, See-Saw, and Cap-à-pie. The first named is heavily backed by his stable, and in the event of anything happening to the Earl, it is not at all improbable that the winged god might astonish the natives. The St. Leger has often been fruitful in surprises. Lord Clifden lost a hundred yards at starting, and yet by the time he reached the summit of the hill he was catching all his antagonists, and won as he liked. When Kettledrum's winning was considered a moral certainty, Challoner contrived to ram Caller Ou's nose in front, to the infinite disgust of Colonel Townley and Mr. Eastwood, and bewilderment of Luke Snowden who rode him.

The field next Wednesday will not be large, and we don't suppose the attendance will be large either. The famous Eglington tartan and Zetland spots which bore the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur to victory will not be represented on this occasion, and the race affords little interest. Our sporting friends will no doubt go to see it as usual, and have their sovereigns on. For our own part we should be sorry to risk one of our own steel pens on the result. One swindle in a year is quite enough.

PHRENOLOGY FOWLER.

THE pretty nursery fancy,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
O! I wonder what you are,

expressed, once upon a time, a very portentious curiosity. The answer was big with fate. The old astrologers believed that the character and destiny of man was governed by the bright, particular star which happened to be in the ascendant at the moment of his birth. Believing all this, the Chaldean shepherds and their dusky posterity might well wonder over their primitive astronomy, and try to read their destinies in the firmament glittering over them nightly. The old beautiful superstition had a great vitality about it. It is not utterly dead yet. According to the police reporters, a little "planetary ruling" still lingers in the darkest slums of our great cities where that "residuum" resides, which at a wedding is chary of its autograph, and, in an assize calendar, is set down amongst the class to whom reading and writing doesn't appear to have come by nature. But the stars are clearly out of fashion. When a wrinkled great grandam, who wants to make an honest eighteenpence out of the credulity of servantgalism, is caught in the fact by Inspector Bucket or Policeman X, very little consideration is accorded to the elderly Starlight Bess, and she is accorded by the unchivalrous Mr. Robinson Fowler an uncomfortable sequestration, in the seclusion of Belle Vue, of—say a month's imprisonment. The Bench has evidently very little sympathy with "planet-ruling." In the moral government of the world, the stars are clearly out of court.

Mr. Phrenology Fowler evidently agrees with Cassius, that "the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are such and such." Judging by what we heard the other evening, a phrenologist is the latest version of the fortune-teller. Phrenology is the gipsy science. The science of mind appears to have descended to materialism. The world has been always wanting to know, and always will want to know, what makes the difference between Humboldt, or Gœthe, or Shakspeare, and an idiot, and all the intermediate gradations. A certain instinct of phrenology has troubled the soul of man for many generations. Mankind has always had a dim notion that the wit of men was, in some mysterious way, associatied with the brains. In Lancashire, when they want to speak contemptuously of anybody, they launch the reproach, "Thaes getton batter i' thi' yed, i'sted o' brains." Phrenology, as being the latest way of accounting for disparities of intellectual power, was received from the hands of Gall and Spurzheim, as the only practical philosophy of mind. In Lancashire, in the article of brains we have always been vehemently curious. We want to know what makes the

difference between the author of the *Apologia* and the late Dr. Jabez Banting. We want a short cut to the philosophy of those of our Mayors who are so fearfully and wonderfully made. Then about the "moneybug." We want to know if moneybugs are born, or are they made. Is nature responsible for the moneybug, or is he one of those amazing productions which, in the prevailing jargon, we call one of the triumphs of civilisation. Then, again, we are troubled with that puzzling query of Shakspeare, "How many should command that are commanded?" And when we are told by the same eminent authority of the ill-treatment which "patient merit of the unworthy takes," we want to know the reason why. Again, we want to know why it should be said of anybody, and least of all, of Oliver Goldsmith, that he was "in wit, a man; simplicity, a child"? When we are told that the whole question is exclusively a matter of "bumps," we are not exactly incredulous, but we are amazed.

Puzzled with these problems we sauntered the other evening into the lecture hall of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, to see what Mr. Phrenology Fowler had provided for the gratification and instruction of the eye and for the selection of the ear. The hall itself is simply the very worst assembly room, from an acoustic and sanitary point of view, that can be found in this multitudinous city of Manchester. When it is moderately filled the place is a mere Turkish bath, and everybody who goes to listen ought to be provided with an ear trumpet. Mr. Phrenology Fowler had covered the platform or organ end of the chamber with a great collection of coloured illustrative portraits. There was quite a gallery of them. Mr. P. Fowler said that he had seen many portrait galleries and had been to Florence, but for variety of character no portrait gallery in Europe could compare with this. There were more than a hundred coloured representative portraits. As we have said, they covered completely the organ end of the chamber, and diffused themselves all along the front of the galleries. There was about them enough likeness to swear by and sufficient verisimilitude to recognize. The likenesses were not artistically classified, and the most incongruous characters were in a condition of bewildering intimacy. For instance, Henry VIII. and that frivolous old heathen Lord Palmerston appeared to be comparing notes. Mr. Punshon and Sir Walter Scott were at each other's elbows. Lloyd Garrison and Catherine of Russia were very much nearer each other on canvas than would have been possible in their respective lifetimes. Howard Paul and George Fox were on terms of ridiculous intimacy. Dr. Candlish would have been aghast at the notion of so close contiguity with Nell Gwynne. St. Paul was on the top of Nero, and fitly enough a portrait of Christ was placed over Julius Cæsar. Mrs. Fry knew more about philanthropy than Marie Antoinette, in spite of the romance which surrounds her memory, and surely a little incongruity could be discovered in the juxtaposition of Cicero, Archbishop Manning, and Mr. Artemus Ward.

The audience consisted of a lot of people. The place was full. It was rather an extraordinary audience. If the truth must be told, it was a very superior sort of audience. Miscellaneous enough, perhaps, but consisting in the main of persons very bright and intelligent, and eager to hear more of something with which they were by no means unacquainted already. There were in the gallery, as might be expected, a perceptible amount of juvenile contributions from the classes of the institution. Some of the young people had evidently got away surreptitiously for the evening from the customary allowance of compound multiplication. They were having a little phrenology gratis and in a contraband sort of way. Then there were a lot of people who believed in the gospel of phrenology implicitly, and who had found out in some sort of way that they had got remarkable "bumps." Except on the theory that very young ladies perceive, with a kind of instinct, that the science of phrenology has about it a dash of fortune telling, it was difficult to account for the presence amongst the audience of so many girls so wonderfully handsome. We mean young persons fluctuating easily between girlhood and womanhood. We will wager primrose gloves that not even the Concert Hall, which is said to glow and palpitate with beautiful young womanhood, could have vied with the loveliness which had come to hear its fortune told by Mr. Phrenology Fowler.

A low platform had been raised at the picture end of the lecture hall: on this platform, behind a table, our phrenological expositor told the story of the human brain—the story of mankind. A variety of skulls lay carelessly about and grinned at the warm audience with a grim kind of mockery and an uncomfortably spectral indifference to all that was going on. What is phrenology to a head with the brains out? The lecturer was a hale, ruddy-looking gentleman from America, middle size and square built, grey beard, square head, with the organ of art boldly developed and a distinct Yankee accent. As he handled a skull occasionally by way of illustration, he reminded one of Hamlet apostrophising the skull of Yorick. It was Hamlet with a dash of the late Mr. Artemus Ward, for the lecturer has humour. The lecturer speaks the American language, or rather has a distinct American accent. You get a hint of him in the great American actor Jefferson, except that he has much more American intonation than the actor. He is not unlike him personally, except—being grey, he won't mind our saying it—he is not half so handsome. What they call his delivery is jerky and spasmodic and wants flow and cadence. The lecture might be turned out by a Vowel washing machine; he gets to the end of his sentences with comical abruptness and says, "individgle" and "mental felosphy." Now and then, but rarely, he gets sufficiently animated to make it clear that all through his vigorous and ruddy nature, he believes in the science he is expounding. Indeed, you never doubt that for a moment. He is not perhaps, dreadfully in earnest. No more intolerable expository exists than your dreadfully earnest lecturer, but it is clear to everybody that Mr. Phrenology Fowler has a devout faith in his dashing system of mental philosophy. We have said that he has touches of humour. For instance, he remarked with a naivete that called up pretty smiles into the faces of the girls, "If we let impulse guide us, we may get married and have children, but if we are guided by reason, we may not get married." The tittering of the damsels at this was very charming.

Taken altogether, the lecture, which occupied an hour in delivery, gave the uninitiated a fairly lucid and practical notion of what phrenology was, and what service it was likely to render to society. It was not painfully or pedantically scientific, but the case was very clearly, and indeed humorously, put. A certain Franklin shrewdness and Biglow winking humour gave point and ripple to the purely scientific details. Certainly this kind of fortune telling is a vast improvement on the greasy guessing of tawny and larcenous Egyptians. Mr. Phrenology Fowler's exposition of his science half inclines us to believe that if it is not absolutely true, there is certainly "something in it."

STOP THAT 'ERE.

An inveterate old bachelor of our acquaintance, whose would-be witticisms are about as bald as his own head, overhearing the remark of an enraptured youth, that a certain lady's rather short ringlets were "locks of gold," replied like a spiteful old curmudgeon as he is, "Yes, my boy, that they are—eighteen *carrot* gold."

A reward has been offered for the apprehension of an absconded Greek. Although the police have not found Mr. Minos Couvelas, the creditors have found Mr. Couvelas minus.

ADVICE TO FAST YOUNG MEN ABOUT TOWN.—Cave Canem: beware of "THE DOG."

SEA WEEDS,

FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

I. PORTRUSH.

Come unto these yellow sands,
Then, take hands;
Curt'sied, when you have, and kist,
The wild waves wist.

THE TEMPEST.

HERE I am,—a poor, city-bewildered sinner, and not wholly unconnected with publicans: here I am, in "The Isle of Saints," at last—the "Emerald Gem," whose brilliance gave light to all the Western world of antiquity. I sometimes wonder what sort of place it was when it deserved the name of "The Isle of Saints"; for,—but never mind. It is a delightful country, and I feel as if I could like to stop in it a good deal, and go away very little. Oh, Erin! the green and the bland—so beautiful and so sad! What wonder is it that thy warm-hearted children should love their own sea-beaten isle so well! * * Here I am,—after the usual steam-boat and railway experiences,—wandering by the shore of the many-sounding sea, in search of a little renovation. And, certainly, if a charming country, rich in the associations of a long and eventful history—if fresh Atlantic breezes—if twenty miles of grand fantastic sea-worn rocks and headlands, and long stretches of smooth beach, as beautiful as mottled marble—if easily accessible solitudes, where berries of the brightest red peep through verdure of the richest green—if these, with the music of the wild ocean for ever singing in the ear, and with just enough of a racy tone of bathing-place life to give a fillip to the quietness around—if these can do anything to restore the spirits of a tired citizen, "the heart that is humble," as the song says, "may hope for it here,"—on the coast of Antrim. * * But, I had better tell you, exactly, where I am, without any wearisome preamble about how I got here. Well, then, my resting place, after the usual small perils on land, and perils on water, is the little bathing-town of Portrush, far away in what southern Irishmen sometimes call "The Black North."

It is a very interesting spot to me—this little Portrush. I like its remoteness and comparative quietude; I like the novelty and quaint flavour of its life during the summer season, for it hybernates in winter; I like its life, of which there is quite as much as a body can handle and understand, without being either bewildered or swallowed up by it. There are great differences in bathing-places; and those in which one can bathe both in salt water and in quietness at the same time, have the greatest charm for me. The Lancashire people seem to go to Blackpool quite as much for change of drink as for change of air. They continue their city habits; they meet the same familiar city faces; and they devote even more time than usual to billiards and bacchanalian sacrifices with "jolly companions," who have as much leisure as themselves; and, when they return home a little more scorched by the sun and the salt sea-breeze, and a great deal more inflamed in the vitals, they wonder how it is that they find themselves rather worse than better for the change. The fact is that Blackpool is just Manchester over again, with a little salt water, a little sand, and a great deal of snobbishness added to it. Blackpool is a salted epitome of Manchester, with its best clothes and its worst manners on. There is too much of the old hurry-scurry; too much of a weltering swarm of familiar pleasure-seekers all tumbling over one another in pursuit of happiness, and dragging one another into all sorts of devilment. It is not quiet enough, not remote enough, not different enough in tone,—at least for anybody whose nerves need peaceful restoration.

In Portrush, a man has, at least, a chance of being as quiet as he wishes to be. These northern Irish, too, are a staid, church-going race, endowed with many excellent solid qualities, as the state of the country shows. They are, as an old Lancashire woman might say,—"A lot o' nice level lads;" and, in spite of their famous whiskey, there is less drinking amongst them, in proportion to population, than in Lancashire. Portrush itself is a little wind-swept town, occupying a rocky nose of land, about five miles north of Coleraine. The wild Atlantic sings to it night and day; for, in any part of the town, you are not many yards from the sea; and, if either wind or wave be stirring, you can scarcely help both seeing it and hearing it, aye, and feeling it too, sometimes. It is on the high road to the Giant's Causeway; and, therefore, it sees many strange birds of passage, from all parts of the earth. On each side of the town there is a strand. The "Long Strand," on the north side of the promontory, is a smooth, curving beach, nearly two miles long, ending in grand piles of limestone crag, known as "The White Rocks." There is a peculiar sweetness in the song of the surge along this strand. The strand on the other side of the town is more pent-in by the rocky shore, and less frequented, but nevertheless a pleasantly-retired wandering-ground, commanding a fine view of the mountains of Donegal. The harbour looks a pretty little sea-nest, from this side, with its half-dozen craft, rocking idly in the wind. Glasgow steamers call here; and steamers from the Hebrides; and, sometimes, strange vessels from strange quarters; and then, the whole of the little town runs down to see them. There is, almost always, some novel bit of excitement connected with sea-faring life going on there; and the bustle, upon the little quay is of a quaint character, and easily taken in by the eye. The promontory on which the town is situated, ends in a high ridge of rock, called "Ramore Hill." It is covered with green land; and it is soft, and dry, and springy to the foot. This is the fashionable promenade—the "Rotten Row" of Portrush; where the curled darlings of the town air their scented locks in the sea breeze, "when the clear cold eve's declining;" and, as Norah meets Shelah on the street, she whispers, "Are you going to the hill this evening?" This eminence is the best possible station for watching vessels entering and leaving the harbour; and it commands a fine view of the coast, from wild Innishona up to the bold bluff of Fair Head, in the far north. A few yards from the centre of the town, there is an excellent bath-house, almost close to the sea; and, as we wander by, between eight and nine in the morning, we see a few half-dressed visitors sauntering about, till their baths get ready; and we hear the staid old superintendent shouting to his myrmidons, aloft, "A tepid shower of eighty-five, in number one; and a cold shower in number three! Look alive, please!" Portrush has a little gas-works, the last building of all, before we get into the green country, northward; it seems to hang on the rest, like a drop at the cold nose-end of the town, on a wintry morning. It has a dozen or so of street lamps, which, like the sea, are very much influenced by the state of the moon; it has, also, four public pumps, I believe, and three wells. No doubt, they will have both more light and more water, as the little place grows richer; but, for the present—well, neither man nor town "can whistle without top-lip." Portrush has a rather remarkable post-office,—a little shop, with a flower-grown rockery in front. The place is crowded with curious nick-nacks. There you can get any kind of toys, trinkets, lace, stationery, photographs, physic, fruit, shells, corals, boot-laces, baby linen, and bibles,—anything, in fact, from a wheelbarrow to a penny-stamp, and change for a shilling; and a pleasant chat, too, if you drop in at the right time, for the quaint spinster who rules that remarkable establishment is, by far, the most interesting presence there. She is the right woman in the right place,—chatty, natty, intelligent, and obliging in the extreme, although she can be pungent enough, when occasion demands; and is not too long-tempered, when stupid people annoy her, during the heat of office-business. That little post office may well be a favourite resort of rich and poor. * * Bye the way,—Port-

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her nature:—"Ah! see now, darlin'," said she, "see now what heaven prepares for us, an' the way! Oh, thin, your honour, God put that into your heart! May health an' good fortin' attind ye all your days! Oh, indeed, sir, I am old, an' broken, an' waitin' my time, which is not long now, glory be to God! Oh, then, I am old, an' ill, an' broken to the bare bone o' me entirely; an' I am a poor, lone wanderer on the face o' the ground. Oh, I had seven childer, your honour, an' a good man to my husband; but they are all dead—they are all dead, and laid low, long since, your honour; an' I am left wanderin' my lone, with nothin' but poor neighbours, an' the kind heart the good God an' the blessed queen of heaven makes warm to me on my solitary way! May the Lord reward your honour, an' that ye may be blest with kind hearts about ye, an' that ye may have lashins an' lavins o' the best, to your dying day! Oh, indeed, indeed, I am old an' broken, your honour! If I was to find death comin' on me, I would make for Rasharkin an' the Bann, the place where I was born, that I might lay me down to rest among my own people—glory be to God! Ah, thin,—signs on,—there's good fortin forninst ye, darlin'; and the kind heart of her ye love shall attend ye all your days! Good luck to your honour's four bones! May the hand of the Lord be about ye, an' mark ye to grace, for evermore, wherever ye go!"

STREET LOUNGERS.

OWING to the extraordinary fineness of the season, the lounger has had a very fine time of it this summer, and the various coteries which frequent their accustomed haunts, have been constant and punctual in their attendance. Saint Ann's Square has had its usual visitors, especially on Saturdays, both male and female. Whether it is the ladies who attract the gentlemen, or the gentlemen the ladies, we have never been able exactly to decide. On the same day the markets in Smithy Door and neighbourhood have been numerously attended by elderly loungers, for whom the fruit on the stalls, the abundant supply of mushrooms and other tempting edible matter appear to have more attractions than the display of female charms exhibited in the Square. Although there has been rather a dearth of news during the season, Mr. Stubbs has had numerous callers. The excavations for the foundation of the new Exchange have been a perfect god-send to the lounger, both within and without the old building, and during the past week the erection of the scaffolding, where the stout and active workmen are to be seen running along the great balks of timber at a vast height, has been watched with much interest. The Exchange steps have been well attended, and the equipages of Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Mendel never fail to draw, while an occasional turn-out with four horses collects quite a crowd. In York-street there has been the usual rather dingy group of closely shaved gentlemen, with sallow complexions, whom we take to be the players of that temple of the melo-drama, the Queen's Theatre; and at the end of Barnes-street, in Market-street, each week day, and on Sunday evenings, another cluster of gentlemen, who also eschew whiskers, but whose faces are more ruddy than the comedians', may be seen. These worthies are supposed to make a living out of the national pastime and institution known as the Turf. Occasionally on Saturdays and Sundays small groups of nondescript-looking characters have been seen in the vicinity of the Cathedral. At first you are puzzled to know what to make of them, but a few minutes' observation will discover to you that they are pigeon fanciers, who have their birds in their pockets, and have come to that central point to fly them. In taking leave of the lounger, both ladies and gentlemen, we must congratulate the ladies upon the vast improvement they have made in their dress, since they have discarded the detestable crinoline. The hair, however, is still overdone, and makes them look top heavy, but, for heaven's sake, let them at once and for ever discard the rouge-pot.

SETTLED BY HIS GODFATHER AND GODMOTHER IN BAPTISM.—*Minos* Couvelas.

SIGN FOR MONEY LENDERS.—Bleeding done with Leeches.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL-RINGER.

I SET the bells a-ringing
Every Sunday evening blest,
And they don't begin a dinging
Till half-an-hour after the rest.
The churches are at worship round,
When I send forth their jangling sound.
Then many souls are vexed, but yet
To vex dissenters on earth we're set.
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
A row, and no mistake,
Is the din I make, is the din I make.

I set the bells a banging
When the churches around are at prayers,
And the noisy notes go clanging,
To tell 'em that no one cares.
The prayers wish to heaven they'd cease,
As jingling sounds disturb their peace.
Dissenting dogs, whose ears are rung,
At you my bells pull their iron tongue.
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
No end of row, I hope,
Is heard afar as I pull my rope, as I pull my rope.

I set the bells a bawling
From half after six until seven,
And a mighty squealing squawling
Send they up from earth to heaven.
"Established" folk know, by that chime,
To put their things on it is time.
Dissenters hear a rattling strain,
That tells them at it am I again,
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
Before long, you will see,
Summoned I shall, as a nuisance, be,
Summoned I shall, as a nuisance, be.

TOPERS.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.—OTHELLO.

"GO fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't," quoth Jack Falstaff, after he was ejected from the savoury buck-basket, and well-nigh drowned in the Thames. "For God's sake a pot o' small ale," exclaimed Sly, the drunken tinker, on recovering from his stupor and endeavouring to collect his wits. "Let's have fourpennorth o' gin, for I'm i' trowble," said our worthy friend Mr. Jacconet, the other day, on discovering that he had made a bad debt of £546 16s. 9½d. "There's a quart o' ale posset i'th' oon," said the Lancashire dame to her husband, when she wished to coax him from the alehouse, as recorded in verse by the Burns of the County Palatine. If strong drink has been a means of getting people into trouble from the earliest ages, it has also been had recourse to, as an agency to get them out of a similar predicament, and is in every day use as a comfort and solace,—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!

Mr. G. H. Lewes, one of the most practical scientific men of the day, (at least Professor Owen says so, and he ought to know), wrote a paper some time since, in which he boldly asserted that alcohol was a good thing, and that gin was a blessing to mankind. The topers of history are before us, and we should be sorry to obliterate the record. Reprobates some of them were, no doubt, as are some topers of the present day, but we can't afford to lose them for all that. Were it possible, for instance, to expunge that glorious old toper Friar Tuck, it would be little short of a national calamity and an injury to posterity.

The first person we read of who drank too much was Noah, who made a sad exhibition of himself, although it is evident that he was not an habitual toper. Alexander the Great is said to have been addicted to drink, and even to have died from its effects, and in later times instances are numerous of illustrious men being great topers. Dramatists and writers of fiction frequently make use of the effects of wine and spirits in bringing out the points of their various characters, and developing the action of the story. Shakspeare, who had the profoundest knowledge of human nature, illustrates many of his scenes by introducing one or more of his characters in a state of intoxication. Sir Toby Belch is a good specimen of the jovial roystering toper, who arrives at a certain state of uproarious drunkenness, and never gets any further. In the

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her nature:—"Ah! see now, darlin'," said she, "see now what heaven prepares for us, an' the way! Oh, thin, your honour, God put that into your heart! May health an' good fortin' attind ye all your days! Oh, indeed, sir, I am old, an' broken, an' waitin' my time, which is not long now, glory be to God! Oh, then, I am old, an' ill, an' broken to the bare bone o' me entirely; an' I am a poor, lone wanderer on the face o' the ground. Oh, I had seven childer, your honour, an' a good man to my husband; but they are all dead—they are all dead, and laid low, long since, your honour; an' I am left wanderin' my lone, with nothin' but poor neighbours, an' the kind heart the good God an' the blessed queen of heaven makes warm to me on my solitary way! May the Lord reward your honour, an' that ye may be blest with kind hearts about ye, an' that ye may have lashins an' lavins o' the best, to your dying day! Oh, indeed, indeed, I am old an' broken, your honour! If I was to find death comin' on me, I would make for Rasharkin an' the Bann, the place where I was born, that I might lay me down to rest among my own people—glory be to God! Ah, thin,—signs on,—there's good fortin forninst ye, darlin'; and the kind heart of her ye love shall attend ye all your days! Good luck to your honour's four bones! May the hand of the Lord be about ye, an' mark ye to grace, for evermore, wherever ye go!"

STREET LOUNGERS.

OWING to the extraordinary fineness of the season, the lounger has had a very fine time of it this summer, and the various coteries which frequent their accustomed haunts, have been constant and punctual in their attendance. Saint Ann's Square has had its usual visitors, especially on Saturdays, both male and female. Whether it is the ladies who attract the gentlemen, or the gentlemen the ladies, we have never been able exactly to decide. On the same day the markets in Smithy Door and neighbourhood have been numerously attended by elderly loungers, for whom the fruit on the stalls, the abundant supply of mushrooms and other tempting edible matter appear to have more attractions than the display of female charms exhibited in the Square. Although there has been rather a dearth of news during the season, Mr. Stubbs has had numerous callers. The excavations for the foundation of the new Exchange have been a perfect god-send to the lounger, both within and without the old building, and during the past week the erection of the scaffolding, where the stout and active workmen are to be seen running along the great balks of timber at a vast height, has been watched with much interest. The Exchange steps have been well attended, and the equipages of Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Mendel never fail to draw, while an occasional turn-out with four horses collects quite a crowd. In York-street there has been the usual rather dingy group of closely shaved gentlemen, with sallow complexions, whom we take to be the players of that temple of the melo-drama, the Queen's Theatre; and at the end of Barnes-street, in Market-street, each week day, and on Sunday evenings, another cluster of gentlemen, who also eschew whiskers, but whose faces are more ruddy than the comedians', may be seen. These worthies are supposed to make a living out of the national pastime and institution known as the Turf. Occasionally on Saturdays and Sundays small groups of nondescript-looking characters have been seen in the vicinity of the Cathedral. At first you are puzzled to know what to make of them, but a few minutes' observation will discover to you that they are pigeon fanciers, who have their birds in their pockets, and have come to that central point to fly them. In taking leave of the lounger, both ladies and gentlemen, we must congratulate the ladies upon the vast improvement they have made in their dress, since they have discarded the detestable crinoline. The hair, however, is still overdone, and makes them look top heavy, but, for heaven's sake, let them at once and for ever discard the rouge-pot.

SETTLED BY HIS GODFATHER AND GODMOTHER IN BAPTISM.—*Mines* Couvelas.

SIGN FOR MONEY LENDERS.—Bleeding done with Leeches.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL-RINGER.

I SET the bells a-ringing
Every Sunday evening blest,
And they don't begin a dinging
Till half-an-hour after the rest.
The churches are at worship round,
When I send forth their jangling sound.
Then many souls are vexed, but yet
To vex dissenters on earth we're set.
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
A row, and no mistake,
Is the din I make, is the din I make.

I set the bells a banging
When the churches around are at prayers,
And the noisy notes go clanging,
To tell 'em that no one cares.
The prayers wish to heaven they'd cease,
As jingling sounds disturb their peace.
Dissenting dogs, whose ears are rung,
At you my bells pull their iron tongue.
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
No end of row, I hope,
Is heard afar as I pull my rope, as I pull my rope.

I set the bells a bawling
From half after six until seven,
And a mighty squealing squawling
Send they up from earth to heaven.
"Established" folk know, by that chime,
To put their things on it is time.
Dissenters hear a rattling strain,
That tells them at it am I again,
Cling, clang! cling, clang! cling, clang!
Before long, you will see,
Summoned I shall, as a nuisance, be,
Summoned I shall, as a nuisance, be.

TOPERS.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.—OTHELLO.

"GO fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't," quoth Jack Falstaff, after he was ejected from the savoury buck-basket, and well-nigh drowned in the Thames. "For God's sake a pot o' small ale," exclaimed Sly, the drunken tinker, on recovering from his stupor and endeavouring to collect his wits. "Let's have fourpennorth o' gin, for I'm i' trowble," said our worthy friend Mr. Jacconet, the other day, on discovering that he had made a bad debt of £546 16s. 9½d. "There's a quart o' ale posset i'th' oon," said the Lancashire dame to her husband, when she wished to coax him from the alehouse, as recorded in verse by the Burns of the County Palatine. If strong drink has been a means of getting people into trouble from the earliest ages, it has also been had recourse to, as an agency to get them out of a similar predicament, and is in every day use as a comfort and solace,—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!

Mr. G. H. Lewes, one of the most practical scientific men of the day, (at least Professor Owen says so, and he ought to know), wrote a paper some time since, in which he boldly asserted that alcohol was a good thing, and that gin was a blessing to mankind. The topers of history are before us, and we should be sorry to obliterate the record. Reprobates some of them were, no doubt, as are some topers of the present day, but we can't afford to lose them for all that. Were it possible, for instance, to expunge that glorious old toper Friar Tuck, it would be little short of a national calamity and an injury to posterity.

The first person we read of who drank too much was Noah, who made a sad exhibition of himself, although it is evident that he was not an habitual toper. Alexander the Great is said to have been addicted to drink, and even to have died from its effects, and in later times instances are numerous of illustrious men being great topers. Dramatists and writers of fiction frequently make use of the effects of wine and spirits in bringing out the points of their various characters, and developing the action of the story. Shakspeare, who had the profoundest knowledge of human nature, illustrates many of his scenes by introducing one or more of his characters in a state of intoxication. Sir Toby Belch is a good specimen of the jovial roystering toper, who arrives at a certain state of uproarious drunkenness, and never gets any further. In the

play, Sir Toby seems to have begun his carousal by drinking healths to his niece; he then falls in with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he befools by making him cut capers. Sir Toby turns up later, as Olivia describes him, "half drunk." Next we find him singing catches, calling for more stoups of wine, and swearing that "to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed be-times." After more wine, more glees and catches, and what his companion the clown calls "admirable fooling," Sir Toby declares his intention of not going to bed at all, exclaiming, "Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now." Sir Toby Belchs are not so numerous now as they were in the days of our forefathers, but we think we have seen a few in our time. Othello's lieutenant, Michael Cassio, complained that he had "a very poor and unhappy brain for drinking," and that such was the case is confirmed by the way in which he fell into Jago's toils, who after plying him with a few cups of wine, made a complete fool of him. First, Cassio becomes maudlin; snivelling out such expressions, as "I hope to be saved; do not think that I am drunk; forgive us our sins;" and so on. Then he becomes quarrelsome, fights with Roderigo and Montano, and gets into utter disgrace with the General. Modern Cassios are numerous—topers who go through the various phases of maudlinism, become "greetin' fou" as the Scotch have it, and finish up by getting into all manner of quarrels and scrapes. Again, what an example of grovelling, besotted, bestial, yet humorous drunkenness is that scene which takes place in the *Tempest*, between Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano! The two former are lying flat on the ground, in fear of the thunder. Enter Stephano, singing, and carrying a bottle. He drinks, then sings, swears "it is a scurvy tune," but "here's his comfort," and drinks again. Trinculo drinks, Caliban drinks, and declares "the liquor is not earthly;" drinks again, and describes the drunken Stephano as "a brave god who bears celestial liquor," and finally retires, leaping, dancing, and singing like a monster possessed. Scenes of a similar nature may be seen in scores of ale-houses all over England, any Saturday night. One more instance of such orgies from the same master-hand, where the topers are of a higher class. Take the scene on board Pompey's galley. Here Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and others are carousing at a banquet, and appear to be all getting drunk together. Pompey, as host, keeps perpetually calling for wine, and exhorting his guests to "be jolly, lords." Lepidus seems to have been half-seas over before starting,—a bad plan; nevertheless Pompey persists in drinking his health, just as folks do at jollifications in the present day. Lepidus is carried off helpless, but Pompey keeps shouting "Fill, fill, till the cup be hid," and declares, "this is not yet an Alexandrian feast;" whereupon Antony, who seems to have been able to stand more than the lot, says, "It ripens towards it," and pledges Cæsar's health. Cæsar, who seems to be getting rather shaky by this time, wants to shirk his glass, remarking that he'd "rather fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one." Enobardus then suggests that they should "all dance the Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate their drink," which Antony seconds by saying "Come, let us all take hands," just as if they were going to sing Auld Lang Syne. Here the fun seems to have grown fast and furious, and we hope they all got comfortably to bed. We don't suppose whitebait dinners, grand military banquets, and Lord Mayors' feasts end in this way; but as we have never been present at any, we really can't say. We have, however, seen the celebration of political triumphs wound up in a similar manner.

Modern novelists have supplied us with numerous facetious tipsy scenes. There, for instance, is the Revd. Stiggins, in *Pickwick*, swilling away perpetually at his pine-apple rum with Mrs. Weller, until at the funeral of that aggravating woman, her husband, old Tony, takes his revenge, and has it out with Stiggins, by ducking him in the horse trough. Quite as rich is the scene in *Martin Chuzzlwit*, where that confounded old humbug Pecksniff gets drunk at Todgers's, and having ascended to the drawing room, upsets his tea, and goes through the most astounding antics in presence of the ladies. For broad scenes of tipsy humour, what could exceed those in *Pendennis*, where Altamont, alias Amory, appears; first when he forces his way into Sir Francis Clavering's dining room, duns the wretched Baronet for money, and swears that he'll have some of the drink that's going on; and again at the ball, where he reveals himself to his daughter, exclaiming, with a wink, "Betsy Amory! So you're Betsy Amory, by Jove?" Such scenes as these, although highly coloured, are true to nature, and could no doubt be equalled by real facts, if indeed they are not founded on them.

This country has always maintained its claim for good, steady drinking. When Iago, by way of enticing Cassio on to drink, sings the Bacchanalian song, the other, who owns to having had a rouse already, exclaims "Fore heaven, an excellent song." Iago replies, "I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English." We fear that this definition still holds good. But as there are topers and topers, so we may glance at a few modern examples of the species. To begin with, there is our worthy old friend, Mr. Oldport. What a fine old boy he is. No body has ever seen him drunk, although he has taken his bottle of wine daily for above the last thirty years. Notwithstanding his years, he is still hale and hearty; his eye is not yet dimmed, and his tread is still firm and elastic; he does not even occasionally suffer from gout. Thanks to a good constitution, living regularly, and abstaining from spirits, his age, like old Adam's, is like a lusty winter—frosty, but kindly. Oldport has played no tricks with his constitution. Catch *him* drinking anything before dinner, on which he allows his mind to dwell pleasantly, in anticipation, as the hour approaches. What a treat it is to see him take his wine; just passing the glass under his nose, to catch the flavour, then taking a look at it between him and the light; the supreme moment has arrived, and, with a critical cock of the eye, as it touches his palate, down it goes, with a smack of satisfaction delightful to witness.

Then we have Mr. O de V. Unfortunately, his weakness is brandy-and-water, of which he drinks as much daily as Mynheer Van Dunck did. Sigularly enough, he does not get drunk, either—at least, he takes care that no one ever sees him so; but you can see that the incessant toping of spirits has told on his constitution. His once Herculean frame is shrunken, and his eye has lost its lustre; neither does he walk with the firmness and elasticity of Oldport; and we fear that he has been drilling a hole through his liver for a long time. Here, again, are some topers, in the way of drinkers of whiskey-punch. Messrs. Mac Toddy and Mac Haggis are "drouthy neebours;" and when "drouthy neebours, neebours meet," we know what is the result. The quantity of whiskey which these worthies have put out of sight during the last thirty years would float a seventy-four. Mac Toddy is a short, stout, big-boned man, of social disposition, and addicted to practical jokes, such as filling up his friend's glass with whiskey in his absence. He once nearly poisoned a whole company, by filling up the kettle with whiskey. Mac Haggis is an enormous man, with large ears, and a fist which could fell an ox. In his youth he could throw the strongest wrestler in Cumberland. On more than one occasion Mac Toddy and Mac Haggis have been known to drink eighteen tumblers of whiskey-punch at a sitting. That they arose from their debauch perfectly sober, we are not quite prepared to say. During the sederunt,

> While they sat bousing at the nappy,
> An' getting fou and unco happy,

their chief amusement, besides the toping, consisted in telling stories, singing snatches of songs, accompanied by bursts of loud and immoderate laughter. Like many men of gigantic size, Mac Haggis was as gentle as a lamb, and playful as a kitten. Although light of foot, and an adept at dancing Scotch reels, it must be confessed that his gambols somewhat resembled those of a lively hippopotamus. Beloved by women and children, Mac Haggis's arrival was always hailed with delight wherever he was known. Boys sprawled over his broad back, and, perching on his great shoulders, punched his big grizzled head, to his infinite delight and the detriment of their own knuckles. Poor Mac Haggis! he toped once too often, for driving home late one night, he is supposed to have fallen asleep; his horse came down, he was thrown out of his gig, and killed on the spot; and the occasion was improved by all the Mawworms and Doctor Cantwells of the district, doubtless, to the edification of all surviving topers.

During the next three months of electioneering, political topers will be in full swing. Our old friend Sawgrinder, who is a Radical, will be hard at work, and will din into your ears the names of Bright, Gladstone, "the masses," and all the rest of it, until you are wearied out. Gracious heavens! what have we not to go through during the next three months! There is our friend Trueblue, who is equally enthusiastic on the other side, and will treat you to such exercitations on Dizzy, the Conservatives, the Constitution, and the Irish Church, that you will be inclined to wish Gladstone, Dizzy, the Constitution, and the whole lot, at the bottom of the sea. During political elections, our enthusiastic young friend Trueblue becomes more than usually loyal. On one occasion he proposed the health of the Prince of Wales eight times in succession, in neat speeches, until, finally, in the midst of his peroration, he collapsed, like a Jack-in-the-box, and fell under the table.

These, then, are some of our topers; in addition to which we have the tribe of Booser, Swiper, and Tippler. Some of them never drink, except at home, which they do heavily; some of them never drink at home at all; and some drink anywhere, whenever they have a chance. As a rule, we are by no means disposed to look upon the toper as being utterly and radically bad. On the contrary, he is often a very good fellow, in spite of his failings. Frequently he is a source of entertainment to his fellow-creatures; and the man who amuses his fellows is a friend to the species.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CHILDREN AND SERMONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—I have to thank you for the article of Saturday last, for bringing the subject of teaching in our Sunday schools before the public. I do not think, however, that you are quite fair in some of the charges which go to make up the "moral" of your graphic description; and, as this is a matter upon which much has been said of late, permit me to offer a few remarks. It is a very easy thing to point out faults in the system, and tell the "clergy, ministers, and teachers" what they ought to do; but the fact is, they do not require the telling—they know all about it already. What they want is practical help—not advice—help from such men as the writer of the article in question who would be able to conduct separate services for the children, in turn, with others of like ability; for it is a notorious fact that men of education, as a rule, instead of coming into our schools themselves, are content to leave the work there to be performed by those whose want of education renders them all but entirely unfit for it. I would, therefore, seek to remove the onus of the failure of our Sunday schools from the present well-intentioned, but deficiently educated teachers, and throw it upon the persons to whom it of right belongs, viz., the better educated and more influential members of the commmunity—on those who at present do nothing, or, at the most, subscribe but a few shillings yearly towards the support of this noble work—*i.e.*, give that which does not cost them the slightest inconvenience to give, nor deprive them of their smallest luxury. Before rushing into print, let every would-be critic on this subject ask himself, "What have I done to correct the errors I have discovered?" and "What right have I to condemn that which I have never endeavoured to improve?" I feel sure if this were done, we should have less need of criticism, because more work would be done, and that by those whose duty it is to do it.

I do not think the division of the morning service would work well; and as for wives who have to get the dinner ready attending that of the children, it is sheer nonsense. We do not want a separate service *in* the church, but *out* of it, while at the same time the one in the church is going on. Let the children assemble at 9-30, to be instructed in class till 10-15, when the elder pupils—all above twelve—should be taken to church, and allowed to sit where they could hear, see, and be seen. Two teachers should remain with the younger ones, to conduct a simple service. The dismissal should take place about the same time as that at the church, in order that the children might arrive home with their parents. If they were dismissed at 10-30, as advocated, they would, in most instances, either have to go through the second service with their parents, or to be turned adrift, to run the streets till dinner-time. It is, however, this separate service which constitutes the difficulty. In every large school there should be, at least, half-a-dozen teachers who could conduct it, in order that each of them might be able to attend the church service two Sundays out of three. Now, I, in common with many other superintendents, look in vain for anything like the necessary staff in my school; and I cannot help feeling something like indignation at the ungenerous complaints of those who ought to come forward themselves, and, by supplying the want at present so much felt, prevent the evils they profess to deplore.

I do not care to enter into the subject of what the clergy ought, or ought not to do in the matter. My business is with Sunday school teachers. Those who occupy this invidious position give their services gratuitously, and doubtless do their best, and I, for one, sincerely thank them for it. I am at a loss, therefore, to understand how that simple neglect of a duty by one part of a community gives them the right to condemn the other, whose only fault is that they have not been so successful as could be wished.

I cannot, however, resist mentioning a positive and fatal error which exists in many of our churches. The most comfortless places in them are assigned to the children. In one church there is a spot where in winter one stands a chance of being frozen—of course, you find the children there. In another there is a spot where in summer one runs a risk of being stifled—what better place could be selected for the children? In a third there is a corner where you cannot possibly see nor hear the minister, but this is considered an eligible place for the children. In short, it seems that the most "delectable" spot in almost every church is chosen for the children. It is not much to be wondered at that our young people do not grow up with a very vast amount of love for the church.—I am, sir, yours truly,

W. C.

Rooden Lane, Sept. 2nd, 1868.

[Our correspondent appears to insinuate that the remarks on Sunday schools in the article "Children and Sermons," are the views of a mere outsider, and, therefore, unworthy of notice. It is only just to the writer of the article to say that he has been, and still is, intimately connected with the management of a Sunday school in one of the most densely populated and poorest districts of the city.—EDITOR SPHINX.]

A PAIR OF INDEPENDENT COBBLERS.

THE following is from a paper read before the Hawick Archæological Society, on two local characters, Jock and Sandy Weens, who flourished not long ago in the town of Hawick. Jock and Sandy were cobblers, and the following is a specimen of the way in which they were accustomed to do business:—

When the Hon. J. E. Elliot was resident at Wilton Lodge, his lady sent, by the footman, a pair of boots belonging to one of her grandchildren to be soled. John took the job in hand with as little trepidation as if they had been sent from Millport; and after an interval of a few days, the liveried gentleman was sent to bring them home. Like all good business men, his words were brief—"I've called for the boots sent by Mrs. Elliot;" and the reply he got from John was still more laconic, and like the generality of Scotch answers, it was put in the form of a question—"Hae ye the siller?" "No; but Mrs. Elliot will send it," was the reply, in tones savouring of great astonishment, "Then tell Mrs. Elliot that they're tway-an'-aichtpence, an' as it's ready money for cobblin', she'll no get them till she sends the siller." Greatly taken aback by John's determination, the flunkey crossed the Teviot and related the result of his errand. Mistaking the spirit of independence for downright impertinence, the next day the footman again made his appearance, peremptorily demanding the boots on behalf of his mistress, and, failing delivery, stating that they would be obtained by warrant. He obtained a patient hearing, and, when he had finished, John answered him, "Ma man, aw tell'd ye yesterday ye wad get the boots whan ye paid for them, but no till then; an' if yer mistress was to send the deevil's ainsell for them he wadno get them till he gied me the tway-an'-aichtpence." Tidings of the defeat were again conveyed to Wilton Lodge, and next day the flunkey, in company with Sergeant Guild, called upon John. The Sergeant opened proceedings by saying, "John, ye're to come doon to Mr. Anderson (the Procurator-Fiscal's) office about thay boots." "Aye, man, an' what has Mr. Anderson to say to them? A'body kens it's ready money for cobblin' at the Kirkstile, and when aw get the siller ye'se get the boots; sae let you and Mr. Anderson mind yer ain business." On the following day, as a last resource, Mrs. Elliot drove up in her carriage to Kirkstile, and, sending for John, in person demanded the boots. John went into the house, lifted the boots down from the shelf, took the dust off by spitting on them, after which he rubbed them with his palm, and gave them a final polish with his apron, and reappeared at the carriage door. Mrs. Elliot held out her hand to take them, when John, keeping back the boots, held out his empty hand, and in curt tones said, "Tway-an'-aichtpence, mem?" "Are you afraid I won't pay you?" was Mrs. Elliot's scornful question. "Ready money for cobblin', mem," was John's undaunted answer; and seeing that John was impervious to any other argument than money, she took out her purse and paid him, when he handed the boots in exchange. Sliding off from the carriage door, he cast a triumphant look at the footman, and giving audible expression to his thoughts, repeated his favourite maxim so loud that all might hear—"Ma principles is ready money for cobblin', an' aw'l stick til't;" and John tells with much glee "that there hasna been a carriage at oor door nayther afore nor sin' syne."

Mr. Scott, road surveyor under the trustees, sent by his servant girl a pair of children's boots to be mended, and a few days after sent the same person for them. On the latter occasion it was raining very heavily, and she carried an umbrella. "Is the shoon dune?" said the lassie. "Deed are they, hinny," said John, mollified, no doubt, by the youth and good looks of the messenger; and, placing them in her hands, said, "They're fourteenpence." "The mistress says the maister 'll ca' an' pay ye hissel," said the girl; and, wheeling rapidly round, made for the door. Quick as seventy years was capable of accomplishing, Sandy attempted to intercept her flight; but a dexterous "jouk" on her part enabled her to evade his grasp, and he clutched only the umbrella, which he retained as contraband of war, the girl making good her escape without it, and, going home, informed her mistress of what had taken place. "Did ye ever see sic a limmer?" said Sandy. "A —— gipsy!" said Jock. "An impudent jaud!" said Sandy. "A confoondit hussy!" said Jock; "but let's see the *rumberella*." It was opened up and examined in a manner which showed them to be judges and connoisseurs of the article, every rib of whalebone being subjected to a careful manipulation, and the joints shaken viciously by the horny fingers. Finally, it was held between them and the window, and as it was free from defect and void of holes, it was mutually pronounced to be "weel worth fourteenpence," after which it was set aside out of sight. Next day being wet, the umbrella was wanted at the Millbank, and on being made acquainted with the circumstances of the capture, Mr. Scott set out to recover it. With much pomposity he entered the Kirkstile shoe-shop, and, scanning the wooden bedsteads with a suspicious glance, he demanded, in what was intended for a commanding tone of voice, "Where's my umbrella, sir?" "Where's ma fourteenpence, sir?" said the imperturbale John. "Gie's the siller, an' ye'se get your rumbrella." "Did the girl not

tell you she was my servant?" "Aye did she, an' it didna pit huz sair aboot. It made nae odds to huz if she had been the deevil's servant, sir; she wadna gotten them without the siller, for its ready money for cobblin' here." "I have got a great mind to send the police to you, sir." "The police to me, sir!—ye, sir, the suner the police gets a haud o' ane o' huz three the better, sir; an' that's naither me nor Sandy, sir." Ultimately the money was produced, and the umbrella made forthcoming; and as Mr. Scott withdrew, bursting with indignation he vainly strove to suppress, John with judicious kindness helped to aggravate him still more by saying "—ye, sir! ye'll mind the next job ye send here, it's ready money for cobblin'."

A MANCHESTER MAN IN CONNEMARA.

A MANCHESTER man, who has just returned from "a long and pleasant tour" through Connemara, gives, in a letter to an Irish paper, the following hints to intending visitors to Ireland:—

As I hear many persons asking, "What route ought we to take if we go to Connemara?" perhaps you will allow me to suggest to intending tourists a line of route which I am sure will amply repay any expenditure of time or money. In the present state of communication the best way to see the West in all its wild grandeur is to enter the country by way of Bundoran, Sligo, Ballina, round Lough Con, and so on to Castlebar and Westport, which affords the traveller an almost uninterrupted prospect of the ocean on one side, with the splendid bays of Donegal, Sligo, and Killala, terminating in the far-famed Clew Bay and its magnificent islands, the glory of the West; whilst on the other hand he has a full view of some of the finest mountain ranges in Ireland, including the famous peak of Croagh Patrick. On reaching Louisborough the tourist will have to take the mountain road, but still keeping close to the coast line, and entering Connemara by the ferry across Killery Harbour, will behold one of the most magnificent views that can possibly be imagined. Seen from a boat at the mouth of this beautiful inlet, with gigantic mountain masses towering like walls on either side, and the wild Atlantic breaking in foam at their rocky base, the Killeries present a far more majestic appearance than as viewed from any point further inland. This is rather out of the usual tourist track, but only requires to be better known to be fully appreciated. From Letterfrack to Clifden the scenery is also very beautiful, but in real loveliness it is far exceeded by that along the road from Clifden to Oughterard and Galway, with its fine views of the Twelve Piers and the lovely valleys and lakes which lie nestling between them. Arrived in Galway the steamer may be taken for Cong, where a day may be very pleasantly spent in visiting the Old Abbey and the splendid domain of Sir A. Guinness. The sail down Lough Corrib affords a prospect of the Connemara Mountains and a glorious view of the famous pass of Mann, leading into Joyce's country. Returning to the "City of the Tribes" a pleasant excursion may be made across the bay in one of the well-known 'hookers," and on arriving at the Clare side, it would not be amiss to visit Lisdoonvarna, a famous spa, but do not on any account forget to make an excursion to the Cliffs of Moher, one of the wonders of the West, which, with the mighty Atlantic thundering along their base, form one of the most magnificent sights that can be imagined, and one that once seen is not likely to be soon forgotten. This line of route, which I found a most interesting one, may be terminated by a visit to Limerick, a city well worth seeing, but might be profitably prolonged by a few days at Castleconnell and Doonass Falls, or by a trip up the Shannon from Killaloe to view the splendid scenery of Lough Derg. I may here mention that the withdrawal of the steamers from the Upper Shannon is a subject of universal regret among English tourists.

ERRATA.

Some typographical errors occurred in our last number which will repay correction, as they entirely perverted the meaning of the writers.

In the article "On the Rialto," the first line was wrongly punctuated, and should have read "But Life is at bottom so fearfully earnest that it were unbearable, &c." In the twenty-first line, the words "told *him* he smote the despot on his throne," should be "told *how* he smote." The third paragraph commences with the words:—"Gentlemen of higher station perished with him, but none whom we could *more* afford to lose." It should have been "none whom we could *worse* afford to lose."

In the article "A Bit of Local Natural History," for "would as *lieu* have her in the room as not," read "would as *lieve* have her," &c.

In the "Passages from the Earthly Paradise," "the delightful art of dreaming the old *dreary* stories in verse," should have been printed "the old *dreamy* stories."

THE BARBER'S VIEW.—The Mayor of Norwich told his guests at the British Association banquet that a friend of his went into a barber's shop, and the worthy tradesman said, "I don't think much of this Association; nine out of ten don't shave at all, and the others shave themselves."

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—*Crates.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to the manager, MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 143, Deansgate, or 37, Corporation Street, Manchester.

AS A CHANGE
from CLARET we would draw attention to our
DINNER BEAUJOLAIS
AT 16S. PER DOZEN.

Like most of the Wines of BURGUNDY, it possesses more body and smoothness than CLARET; and without desiring to depreciate one wine in favour of another, we believe there are those who may use this wine with advantage, and all may have the pleasure of a wholesome and agreeable change.

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RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
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Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S COMMITTEE SIT DAILY, at 52, Market-street. Gentlemen desirous of joining the Committee are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Honorary Secretary.

H. B. JACKSON, Chairman.
CHARLES DURHAM, } Vice Chairmen.
C. P. HENDERSON, }
J. NIELD, Honorary Secretary.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I again respectfully present myself to you as a candidate for the representation of my native city in Parliament.

That in so short a time as three weeks nearly 11,000 electors should have signed a requisition pledging themselves to do all in their power to secure my return is a circumstance unprecedented in the history of our elections, and affords a striking proof of the reality of political convictions in Manchester.

Without attaching a personal significance to this manifestation of your opinion, an explanation is easy. The contest of last winter has impressed you with the belief that in me you have a sound and honest Liberal, not afraid to express his own political views, whilst he respects the rights and feelings of others; and you probably also think that my commercial connection with the prosperity of this city affords a guarantee for my attention to your local wants and interests.

If I mistake not, the country is determined that the State Church in Ireland—the last badge of conquest and ascendency—shall cease to exist in that country as an Establishment, and assume the position she has so long occupied in Scotland, and now occupied in the colonies. If we had forced our religious convictions upon the inhabitants of India, or if the inhabitants of Scotland had not freed themselves from the Episcopal Church, so alien to their religious instincts, both India and Scotland would at this moment have been as discontented with English rule as Ireland herself.

I am an attached member of the Church of England, and in favour of the union of Church and State in this country—where that union is real, and based upon the willing assent of the nation; but, in my humble opinion, to talk of the English and Irish Church standing and falling together is to echo a false cry, highly dangerous to both.

Mr. Gladstone proposes to secure to Ireland the fabric of her cathedrals and churches, her glebe houses, and all private endowments, as well as carefully to respect all existing rights, and to deal only with the future. In the interests of peaceful government, I earnestly hope that these terms will be accepted, and that we shall hear no more of levelling up, nor of universal religious endowment.

Education, both in its higher departments in our universities and in its primary forms in our elementary schools, must become truly national and efficient, with equal rights and privileges for all; but I am not prepared to sanction a system of compulsory education, enforced by the policeman or inspector, until it has been shown that the institution of local boards and local machinery have failed in their objects. Place education within reach of the masses, which has never yet been done, and the boon will be accepted for its own sake.

A real and business-like economy has to be enforced upon the Government, not only by a direct reduction of taxation, but also by a thorough departmental reform, especially in our huge naval and military establishments, so that every pound of expenditure shall represent twenty shillings of efficiency.

The vexatious, and in its practical effect, the cruel restrictions on the exercise of the franchise embodied in the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill, must be expunged from the statute book. A vote once granted should be free, and not attended by penalties based on a sham principle. The idea of a personal payment of rates was dropped as untenable, and its operation survives only in a shape which, together with the abolition of rate compounding, is productive of the greatest inconvenience and heartburning amongst the labouring classes.

I am not opposed to working men's associations. Capital expressed by labour and capital in money have co-equal rights, and their interests are mutual. Preferential protection of either would be unjust. But I have never been able to understand why the funds of trade unions established and employed for legal purposes should be placed beyond the pale of the law, and be subjected to the depredations of dishonest officials. No question of our time more imperatively demands that both sides should be heard than that connected with the labour market and the capital which is to employ that labour; and if I have the honour to become one of the representatives of this great industrial community, my earnest endeavours will be given towards the solution of these problems.

I have never liked the principle of secret voting, especially when the restricted franchise heretofore in operation made every voter as it were the trustee and representative of many of his neighbours. Now that a vote is placed within the reach of the great body of the people, this objection has become correspondingly weakened, and the mechanical conveniencies of the ballot, which are indisputable, may with propriety be considered in future legislation. The true remedy for intimidation, however, is to be found in the comparative equalisation of constituencies, and it seems to me a great reflection on our legislation, and on public opinion itself if we cannot protect a man in the exercise of his vote whilst he records it in the light of day.

Sanitary reform, and the prevention of avoidable sources of mortality—fortunately for the happiness of mankind—greatly occupy public attention, and have naturally engaged much of my time in the earlier part of my life, and I hope the knowledge thus gained may be useful.

Such, gentlemen, are my political principles, which, being honestly entertained, will be honestly advocated. It is impossible, and if possible, it would be undesirable, that all minor differences should be merged in a stagnant uniformity of opinion. Out of discussion and conflict come truth and advancement, and I am sure the electors of Manchester will pardon the length at which I have endeavoured to lay before them the grounds of my political faith, desiring as I do, above all things, that there shall be no concealment as to my views.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

Portland-street, Aug. 11, 1868. MITCHELL HENRY.

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Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
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Celery and Cheese, 3d.
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Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
Small ditto, 9d.

17 SEP 68

Preliminary Announcement.—Important Sale of upwards of a Thousand Dozens of Wines, being a portion of the stock of the old established firm of Messrs. Armstrong and Son, of Princess-street, who have to give up their present premises to the Corporation, in consequence of city improvements.

CAPES & DUNN respectfully announce that they have received instructions from the above-named firm, who have held possession of their present premises since 1745, to introduce to the Public of Manchester, by AUCTION, on Two consecutive Tuesdays in September, viz., the 8th and 15th, at 3 o'clock, precisely each day, by Sample, at their Rooms, Clarence-street, Manchester, a portion of their Valuable Stock of WINES (chiefly Sherries, of which they hold duplicate stock in bond); also, Fine Old Madeiras, Clarets: a few Elgin Port Wines of the vintage of 1847 and 1851, the whole of which have been specially selected for their private connection.
Details will appear in catalogues, which can be obtained one week prior to the sale.

Sale of Valuable Property, corner of Livsey-street, Rochdale-road.

MR. EDWIN HOWES KING will sell by AUCTION, by order of the Executors, in September, date and place in future advertisement, in one or more lots, the blocks of BUILDINGS facing Rochdale-road and Livsey-street, and a row of COTTAGES adjoining.
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